Then will ſhe be out of love with *Eneas*.

Doct. What ſtuff's here? poore ſoule.

Ioy. Ev'n thus all day long.

Daugh. Now for this Charme, that I told you of, you muſt
Bring a peece of ſilver on the tip of your tongue,
Or no ferry: then if it be your chance to come where
The bleſſed ſpirits, as the'rs a ſight now; we maids
That have our Lyvers, periſh'd, crakt to peeces with
Love, we ſhall come there, and doe nothing all day long
But picke flowers with Proſerpine, then will I make
Palamon a Noſegay, then let him marke me,—then.

Doct. How prettily ſhe's amiſſe? note her a little further.

Dau. Faith ile tell you, ſometime we goe to Barly breake,
We of the bleſſed; alas, tis a ſore life they have i'th
Thother place, ſuch burning, frying, boyling, hiſſing,
Howling, chattring, curſing, oh they have ſhrowd
Meaſure, take heede; if one be mad, or hang or
Drowne themſelves, thither they goe, *Iupiter* bleſſe
Vs, and there ſhall we be put in a Caldron of
Lead, and Vſurers greaſe, amongſt a whole million of
Cutpurſes, and there boyle like a Gamon of Bacon
That will never be enough. *Exit.*

Doct. How her braine coynes?

Daugh. Lords and Courtiers, that have got maids with
Child, they are in this place, they ſhall ſtand in fire up to the
Nav'le, and in yce up to'th hart, and there th'offending part
burnes, and the deceaving part freezes; in troth a very greevous puniſhment, as one would thinke, for ſuch a Trifle, beleve me one would marry a leaprous witch, to be rid on't
Ile aſſure you.

Doct. How ſhe continues this fancie? Tis not an engraffed
Madneſſe, but a moſt thicke, and profound mellencholly.

Daugh: To heare there a proud Lady, and a proud Citty
wiffe, howle together: I were a beaſt and il'd call it good
ſport: one cries, o this ſmoake, another this fire; One cries, o,
that ever I did it behind the arras, and then howles; th'other
curſes a ſuing fellow and her garden houſe.
Sings. *I will be true, my ſtars, my fate, &c.* *Exit. Daugh. Iaylor.*

Iay. What thinke you of her Sir?

Doct. I think ſhe has a perturbed m

Iay. Alas, what then?

Doct. Vnderſtand you, ſhe ever a
She beheld *Palamon*?

Iay. I was once Sir, in great hope
Liking on this gentleman my friend

Woo. I did thinke ſo too, and woul
Pen-worth on't, to give halfe my ſta
She and I at this preſent ſtood unfain
Same tearmes.

Do. That intemprat ſurfeit of her e
Other ſences, they may returne and
Execute their preordaind faculties, b
Now in a moſt extravagant vagary.
Muſt doe, Confine her to a place, wh
May rather ſeeme to ſteale in, then be
Vpon you (yong Sir her friend) the
Palamon, ſay you come to eate with h
Commune of Love; this will catch h
This her minde beates upon; other
Inſerted tweene her minde and eye, b
And friskins of her madnes; Sing to h
Songs of Love, as ſhe ſayes *Palamon*
Priſon; Come to her, ſtucke in as ſ
Seaſon is miſtres of, and thereto mak
Som other compounded odours, whi
Sence: all this ſhall become *Palamon*
Sing, and *Palamon* is ſweet, and ev'ry
To eate with her, crave her, drinke t
Among, intermingle your petition of
Into her favour: Learne what Maide
Companions, and play-pheeres, and
Her with *Palamon* in their mouthes
Tokens, as if they ſuggeſted for him,
She is in, which is with faſehoods to
This may bring her to eate, to ſleepe
Now out of ſquare in her, into their

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